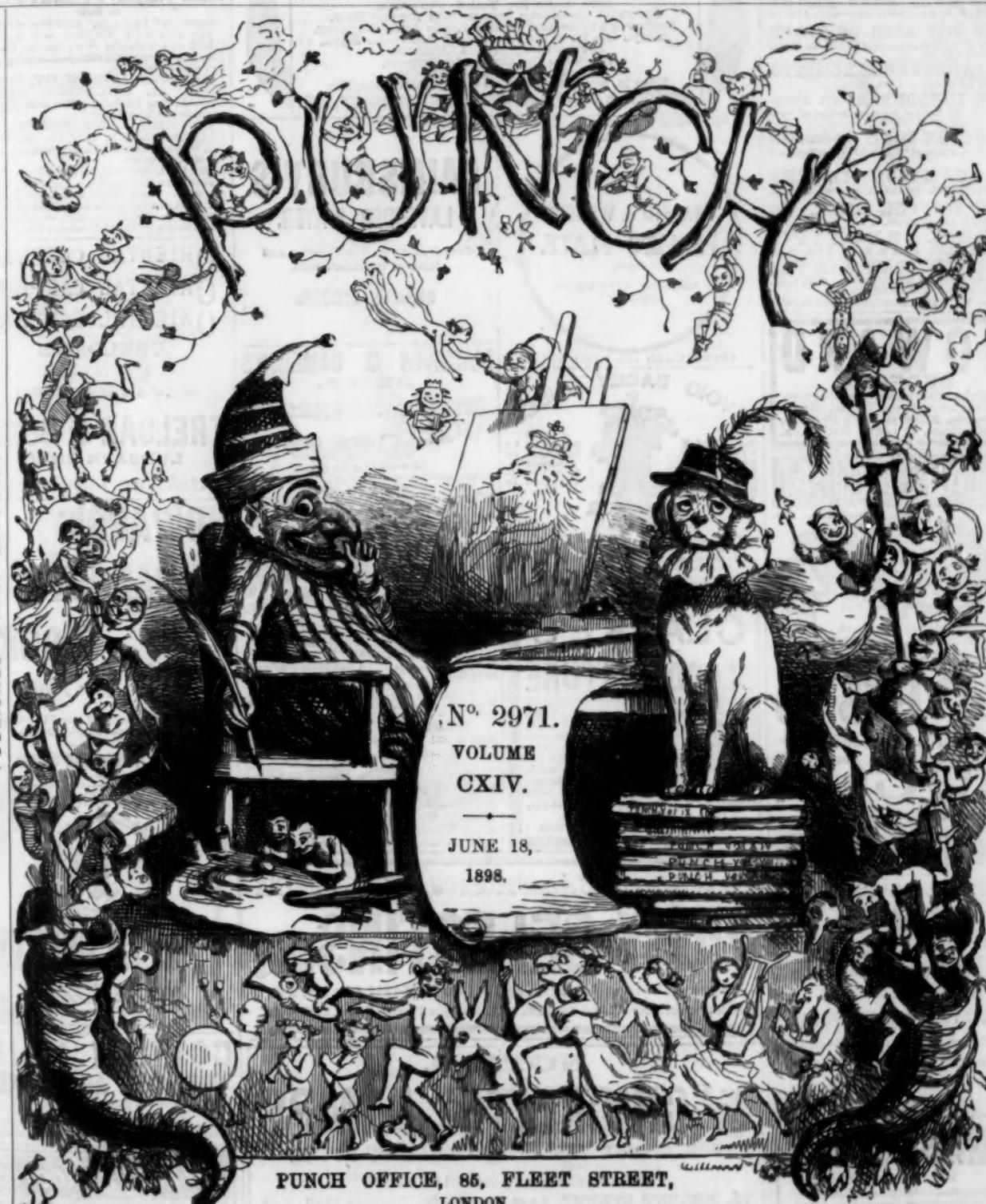


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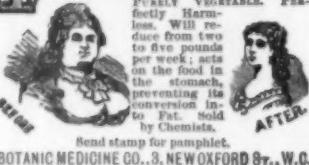
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"No, dearest, it would not be at all right to take Dollies to church."
"But, mamma dear, it would not matter if I only took the one who shuts her eyes, would it?"

CROSS PURPOSES.

(*Fragment from a future Romance of War.*)

"PRIVATE ATKINS," said the C. O., "I congratulate you upon leading that forlorn hope so successfully."

"I merely did my duty, Sir," was the respectful reply.

"No, no," returned the Colonel, "you are too modest. To scale a parapet, spike the guns, and hoist the British flag single-handed was no small achievement."

"Any one of my company, Sir, would have done the same."

"I doubt it. Your bravery was heroism that does not belong to the whole world. Now I will tell you what I am going to do. I am going to recommend you for—"

"Stay, Sir," cried the soldier, trembling and turning pale. "And remember that I am wounded, and can no longer serve in the old corps."

"But the decoration can be worn—"
"You mean well, Sir," again interrupted the private; "but remember that within a week I shall be a civilian."

"Still, it will be a distinction for ever."

"But, Sir," pleaded ATKINS, earnestly, "I cannot afford it."

"Why, how will it affect you?"

"It will keep me from the footlights. Believe me, I can get an engagement to play the title-role of *Henry the Fifth*. Do not thwart me, Sir, do not thwart me."

"Be it as you will."

Private ATKINS fell on one knee, and kissed his commanding officer's hand. Then, rising gracefully, he retired, obtained his discharge, and appeared in SHAKESPEARE's military masterpiece for 750 consecutive nights.

"The three letters are better than two," he murmured, as he returned from a paying-in visit to his bankers: "£ s. d!"

THE MUSIC CURE.

[*"The British Medical Journal has recently been discussing Music as a cure for nervous complaints. The 'music cure' had considerable vogue some time ago in Germany, and a special hospital for its systematic application was established in Munich."* —*Westminster Gazette.*]

It is not all that deem it sweet
When friends will make a noise on
Fiddle or flute, for one man's meat
May be another's poison.
When JONES is in the dumps, you see,
His melancholy flute 'll
Beguile his care, while as for me,
I simply hate its tootle.

Whate'er his sorrow—should the duns
Grow restless and abuse him—
Should she he loves of all the ones
That he has asked, refuse him—
Should the greengrocer have declined
(Greengrocers will be brutal)
To send the coals, still he will find
Some comfort in his tootle.

But not so I. And when he swears
That nothing can be finer
To soothe my toothache than sweet airs
Breathed softly in C minor,
I, trembling like an aspen-tree,
And racked in every root, 'll
Make answer with a major D,
"Oh, stop that blessed tootle!"

Well, well, but *chacun à son goût*.
The same old tale, you see, Sir;
What may be meat and drink to you,
Is poison unto me, Sir.
If prudence comes not to my friend,
Some day my angry boot 'll
Crush that confounded flute and end
Its everlasting tootle.

A SUGGESTION.—Everybody who knows anything about the Show at Earl's Court, is familiar with the pleasant "Welcome Club" so conveniently situated in the gardens of the Exhibition. The "Welcome Club" is a good title, so suggestive of hospitality to guests. Now, as there are many excellent persons who, for some reason or other, or, for no reason in particular, are unable to become members of the Athenaeum, the Marlborough, the St. James's, the Jockey, the Turf, the Reform, the Garrick, Constitutional, and other clubs too numerous to mention, and who may have been vigorously, but of course most unjustly, pilled at almost all the best clubs in London, would it not be eminently useful and advantageous to start the "Unwelcome Club," open to every "Unwelcomer" in whose faces all other London clubs had closed their doors? It would not be very difficult to name a President, likewise to nominate a Committee, for this club. Yearly subscriptions should be paid in advance, and the entrance fee should be considerable.

Ara est Celare Artem.

Or Art they say the highest kind
Is truly to conceal it,
And this, no doubt, is why we find
So very few reveal it.

MOTTO FOR THOSE WHO CONSIDER A TWO-PENNY THAMES TRIP BETWEEN CARLYLE PIER AND LONDON BRIDGE AS REFRESHING.
—"Dulce est desipere in smoko."



WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH 'EM ?

[“Your Majesty has been pleased to express to us, telegraphically, your most gracious appreciation, and, as a sign of the consolidation of our mutual friendship and good relationship, to confer upon us the most high order of the Black Eagle.” In response, we confer upon your Majesty our First Class Double Dragon. — Extract from telegram sent by the Emperor of China to the Emperor William of Germany. Vide Daily Papers, June 6.]

HOBBS-ERVATIONS ON THE ST. JAMES'S COMEDY.

IN *The Ambassador*, written by Mrs. CRAIGIE (alias "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS," authoress of many clever novels), the management of the St. James's Theatre presents to the public that very rare article, a genuine modern comedy. It is wittily written, and excellently played; moreover, it is brilliantly "mounted" (Mr. ALEXANDER riding to win), and, once the machinery is set in motion, and the principal figures begin to work, there is not an approach to a dull moment throughout the play, except in the opening of the second act, when a set of well-dressed ladies, seated all in a row, as if they were asked to a party in order to give an amateur female Christy Minstrel entertainment and were only awaiting the arrival of their musical instruments, ask one another, and answer, some "society" conundrums. Here, for once, the stage management is at fault, and produces a burlesque effect at the expense of the comedy.

Then, again, the childishly silly scene at the Major's rooms in Act III., wherein Major Hugo Lascelles, capitally played by Mr. FRED TERRY, a *blase* man about town, is represented as giving a supper-party to an elderly professional mother and her three professional dancing and singing daughters, between nineteen and fourteen years of age, whose vulgarity is brought out into the strongest relief by the conscientious acting of Mrs. F. JACKSON, Miss LUCY WEBLING, Miss MARY JERROLD, and Miss FAITH FITZROY. These useless characters might, with advantage, be entirely omitted. This drastic remedy may have been suggested during rehearsal; perhaps the authoress stuck to her pop-guns, and the great commander, ALEXANDER, had to yield to feminine HOBBS-tinacy.

Mr. ALEXANDER, as the British Ambassador, a man of about forty or forty-five, cool, cynical, witty and wise, yet for all that, an impulsive, passionate pilgrim when in love, may reckon this as among the very best of his histrionic successes. There is not a false note throughout his rendering of the character that Mrs. CRAIGIE has so carefully delineated. No less praise must be awarded to Miss FAY DAVIS as the in-serious young girl, Juliet Gainsborough, though it is sad to think of her future when, as there is a difference of twenty or twenty-five years between her age and that of Lord St. Orburn, the latter, if both survive the experiment, will be a sedentary sixty-five to her frisky forty! Awful to contemplate. *Passons.*

Mr. H. B. IRVING is delightfully amusing as the Second Attaché. His performance in this character is that of a genuine comedian: the melodramatic manner associated with a brief career of stage villainy being as utterly discarded as if he had always walked in the pleasant, peaceful paths of dramatic virtue. From his rather Mephistophelian "make-up," the audience are at first inclined to set him down as "the villain of the piece." How the wisest among us are constantly liable to be deceived by appearances! Would not any audience imagine that in being introduced to Mr. FRED TERRY as Major Hugo Lascelles, with pale face, dark moustache, and iron-grey hair, they were making the acquaintance of an accomplished scoundrel, a kind of Hawksley in *Still Waters Run Deep*, judging him, that is, by the reports of his conduct which had reached them in the



*Minister's Wife. "TOMMY CROWTHER, YOU HAVEN'T WASHED YOUR FACE TO-DAY!"
Tommy Crowther. "TAIN'T SUNDAY!"*

first act. Yet it is soon made evident that the philanthropic Major is exceptionally kind and nice to boys and girls, loving to entertain the latter, with discreet chaperone, in his bachelor quarters, at quite a nursery supper-party, while as to his pure and Colonel-Newcomesque affection for lads about seventeen or thereabouts, is it not evinced by his winning five hundred pounds from Master Vivian Beauvédère (admirably played by Mr. H. V. EAMOND, especially in the emotional scene when the youth struggles to suppress his choking tears of gratitude), and, subsequently restoring to the boy his cheque through Juliet, to whom he explains that he has only intended to give Master Vivian a lesson? Ahem! Do we inexperienced

playgoers entirely believe this iron-grey-haired, middle-aged, benevolent, gambling roué? Well, who among the audience would be the first to suggest a game of *écarté* with this *preux chevalier-d'industrie*?

Good also is Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH as the still sentimental "*femme de trente ans*" (and a trifle over), with whom at first we are led to believe the astute diplomatist is in love.

Mr. ALEXANDER is to be congratulated on producing the work of "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS," and likewise "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS" is to be equally congratulated on having her first play produced by Mr. ALEXANDER. As to the successful career of this play, we can only record our *imprimatur*, "Nihil 'Hobbes'-tat."



THE ACIDITY OF THE GRAPE.

First Genius (whose work is "skied," commenting on Picture by an R.A.). "NOT MUCH OF A THING, IS IT?"

Second Genius (whose work is "out"). "'STONISHING WHAT DUFFING HOWLERS MEN ALWAYS PAINT AS SOON AS THEY'RE ELECTED TO THE ACADEMY!"'

"THE RING" AND THE BOOK.

Monday.—Das Rheingold. Vespers at 8.30 sharp. Reach my dim religious pew just as voluntary opens.

Curtain rises on vertical section of Rhine. How management keeps noble river from getting over footlights I cannot think. Nor how these three nymphs sing so beautifully under water without swallowing any of it. Nor yet how they go on Wagala-weis-ing, as *Woglinde* calls it, for about twenty minutes at same angle without moving legs. Have seen shows at Royal Aquarium, but nothing to compare with this.

Forget how many feet of water Rhine-steamers draw; but think large pointed rock in centre of river-bed must be very dangerous. Management thinks so too, and puts a little beacon on it. This attracts attention of *Alberich*, who goes up crag in small hydraulic lift and helps himself to *Rheingold*. Refer to Book of Words for his motive, which, I am told, is *leit*. My translation (by a Mr. FORMAN), said to be "in the alliterative verse of the original," gives me following lucid assistance:—

"Dream you no dread?
Then smother the dark
Your drivelling smiles!
Your light let I begone;

"The gold I clutch from the rock
And cleave to the greatening ring;
For lo! how I curse
Love, be witness the water!"

Somehow, this touches me, though I am left with impression that *WAGNER* is a humorist, and *Alberich* no gentleman.

Gather later that *Wotan* (really magnificent basso, with one eye) has made terms with Messrs. *Fafner* and *Fasolt*, builders and contractors, for erecting little place called *Walhalla*. In recognition of services has made them graceful concession of *Freia*, lady relation of gods. *Fricka*, his wife, and sad thorn in his robust flesh, proposes breach of covenant. High contracting

parties meet in what my Book calls "an open district," with pleasant view of building in dispute. Scenery trembles as the two F's come on in the guise of a couple of Zoo-bears, one Arctic and the other black, with nice natural climbing-poles. If fault can be found with them it is their knees, which show weakness in descending staircase through boulders. Follows noisy altercation, with now and then something faintly suggestive of an air.

Presently enter referee, in jaunty person of *Loge*, wearing scarlet livery of *Mephisto*: a most eligible *premier loge*, enjoying uninterrupted view of this and other situations. Suggests that he could put *Wotan* into good thing in gold mines, dividends of which might compensate Messrs. *Fafner* and *Fasolt* for moral damage. *Wotan* much tickled at notion of getting inside market Ring. As Book puts it, with quiet humour:—

"The hoop to have with me
Hold I wholly for wisdom."

Adjournment to Underground. Here *Alberich* has got a specimen of *Rheingold* crushings on leading finger. Also Nibelung midgets have built him a hat, which he calls a Tarn-Helm. What he can do with the tarn thing is shewn when *Loge* and *Wotan* step into his Inferno, trying not to look more like *VIRGIL* and *DANTH* than they can help. First he goes behind property rock, turns on steam, and comes out as the best prehistoric dragon I have ever seen outside pages of *Punch*. Goes jabberwocky off to right wing in jerky coils, a triumph of stage-management; then comes back smiling and blushing as Herr *NEBE*. Mephistophelian cunning of *jeune premier Loge* now revealed in following dialogue, given here in the rough from memory, without alliteration:—

Alberich (after quick change from dragon). Not bad, was it?

Loge. Very fine and large. Suppose you couldn't have done it on a smaller scale? *Alb.* Why, certainly.

Loge. Couldn't turn into a toad, could you? *Alb.* Of course I could.

Loge. What, little one? *Alb.* Small as you like.

Loge. Small enough to go through a key-hole? *Alb.* Rather; you see.

Puts on hat and goes behind another property-rock. Steam as before. *Loge* (who wouldn't hit a dragon his own size) is on to toad like knife; and *Alberich*, on resuming own shape, finds his arms pinioned with piece of coarse string.

To make prodigiously long story short, his whole hoard, including hoop, has to go to pay bill of release. Entire collection has, however, to be handed over to Messrs. *Fafner* and *Fasolt* in consideration of discharge of lady in contract. They stipulate for a heap big enough to hide charming figure of *Fräulein WEED*. Personally, I could see nearly all of her quite easily round corner.

Partners of firm of *Fafner* and *Fasolt* now dispute over spoil. Carried away by stress of avarice black bear kills other one. At least, so it says in Book. In point of fact, white bear, in hurry of moment, ran completely off stage; leaving black bear stabbing with his pole at nothing in particular. Black bear may not have noticed that white bear was missing from scene, his eye being riveted on conductor, so as to get in his blows in time with muffled drum, playing *rallentando*. As it was, he finished one beat too soon.

Seems that there is a curse, as well as a *leit-motif*, connected with this Rhine-gold. *Wotan*, well rid of it, is invited to go and sample new building. Contract had said nothing of carriage-drive or other approach. So somebody, under cover of mists and audible conversation of stage-carpenters, puts up bridge across valley. Tawdry, card-board piece of work, as much like the rainbow it was meant for as my crush-hat. In Book, the architect of this *pons asininus* is made to say:—

"Though built lightly looks it, | It helps your feet
Fast and fit is the bridge; | Without fear to the hall!"

This statement full of falsehood; which does not escape the



Fafner kills Fasolt in slow music.



OUR YEOMANRY.

Sergeant Major. "NUMBER THREE, WHERE'S YOUR SWORD?"
Recruit (who finds practice very different from theory). "ON THE GROUND. CAN'T SEE 'UN?!"

gods, who have some sense, and decline to carry out stage-instructions, which order them to be in act of crossing bridge when curtain falls.

A great performance, creditable to every man, woman and god that played a part: and notably to *Wotan* (VAN ROOT), *Fricka* (Miss MARIE BREMA), *Loge* (VAN DYCK), and the lady-nymphs, Von ARTNER, HIESER, and SCHUMANN HEINK.

On Wednesday, the *Walküre*; a matinée-evening performance. Cannot think what clothes to put on for it. Wish there was some rational Cycle costume for this sort of thing. MOTTI should be the only wear.

Wednesday, 5 P.M.—*Die Walküre*. Never saw a man so tired as Siegmund (late *Loge*) when he calls at *Hunding's* country-seat after a hard day with the hounds. Took something under five minutes to walk from the front door to the sofa; chest going in and out like a concertina. A drink, that takes almost as long (my Book of Words calls it "a well," but there is no Truth in this), picks him up at last; and his long-lost twin sister, Mrs. *Hunding*, sings to him as sweetly as any bird I know.

Presently host arrives in great voice. He was *Fafnir* on Monday. Said at the time that *Fafnir* didn't really kill him. They sit down to supper, but don't touch it, as things are rather strained, *Hunding* having frankly promised to shoot *Siegmund* early next morning after a hospitable night's rest. Wife, however, drugs his posset so well that he hears nothing of a lovely loud duet that the twins sing in the dining-room.

Meanwhile, twins arrange to elope, being encouraged by view of a Spring-night with gentle-waving scenery seen through an exceedingly large pair of folding-doors in wall. "In the Spring a young man's fancy," &c. All ends by *Siegmund* drawing, with extraordinary muscular effort, large sword from out of trunk of central ash-tree, piece of furniture which was then *de rigueur* in the best families. Calls it a mere *Nothung*; but I trembled lest he should bring tree away with it.

A very perfect scene, marred only by inevitable defects of music's qualities. Will freely admit that WAGNER as poet has better chance against WAGNER as composer than any other librettist ever gets. But drama goes desperately slow. Every action, from vulgar processes of drinking or panting, to passionate movements of love and death (see *Fafnir's* decease) have to take their time from the orchestra. And do what Herr MOTTI will—and he works miracles—he is bound, with all the wind at his

command, to keep the mummers marking time while he comes up. As for VAN DYCK, though his motions are a little spasmodic, and for Madame EAMES, though she can hardly be said to give herself away at this irregular bridal, and was never meant by nature even to approach verge of impropriety, they deserve all the enthusiasm they win from an audience whose attitude is of the most correct.

6.15.—My spirit caught up from my body; the latter turned out for purposes of ventilation. How can I go and eat earthly food in interval? During this waste hour and a half must of course keep life going; but let me purify my flesh by temperance, and remain receptive.

9.45.—Have missed second act. Learn from one of Faithful, who has dined more wisely but less well, that Brünnhilde has annoyed her parent by seconding Siegmund in his duel with outraged husband. Is to hear further of this at some length.

Third act opens with delightful quartette of Condemnation Lasses distributing *War Cry*. Fresh cuirassiers join them, coming down lightning switch-back in rear, and putting up chargers in Covent Garden Cloak Room. All agreed that Brünnhilde, who comes in with widow of late duellist's, Siegmund and *Hunding*, will have bad quarter-of-an-hour with *Wotan* when he arrives; thus under-estimating length of approaching duetto. When the god appears, magnificent in war-paint and singing divinely, he dismisses the rest of the Valkyries so as to have a few words alone with erring daughter. Before the ladies have time to think of mounting, the dummy chargers scoot previously up the switch-back into space: two distinct whistles from the flies shew that some of cavalry are left calling for four-wheelers.

No space to tell of painful family scene that ensues. Awful punishment awaits daughter at hands of affectionate father, whom it hurts more than her. She has to lie flat on a plank-bed with only a shield for counterpane, and wait till *Siegfried* is born and gets old enough to marry her. To test honesty of that hero's intentions, ring of fire is supposed to go round her. In point of fact, it only goes across middle of stage, leaving easy and obvious approach for suitor by either front wing.

Miss MARIE BREMA, if she did not quite look the part of a Valkyrie, played it with strong feeling, and sang past all praise; Herr VAN ROOT was god-like every way.

To-morrow, *Siegfried*; but on that and the rest please await next week the learned opinion of THE STALLED OX.



*Actor (on the stage). "ME MIND IS MADE UP!"
Voice from the Gallery. "WHAT ABEAUT YER FICE?"*

THE COUNTY QUALIFICATION.

From far Australian prairies,
From India's sultry plains,
(The situation varies,
The principle remains,) To England's richest counties,
Where gates and fees are high,
Athirst for "foreign bounties," They come to qualify.

What though a R——I
Afar off has his birth,
Where man's complexion's dingy,
The hue of mother earth;
Since each man, to his humour,
Fresh fatherlands annex,
Sussex gets M——A,
T——r plays for Middlesex.

Thus, then, in haste and hurry,
Each player seeks new spots,
And qualifies for Surrey,
Though born in Yorks or Notts;
Like AARON's rod the new one
Still swallowing the rest,
That county's still his true one
That only pays the best.

WILL ANY ONE SUGGEST A REMEDY?

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Please, I'd like to tell you about a piece of hard luck I've had lately. The other day, I was dragged by my eldest *soror* (which I will translate freely, for the benefit of the unlearned, as "sister") to see one of the mater's lady friends, who is afflicted with a she-baby. I hadn't decently got into the room before

the creature caught sight of me, and actually dared to smile at me. Of course my *soror* went mad over the thing; that I didn't mind, I only pitied her. But, not content with speaking a lot of idiotic rubbish to it, brutally told me to kiss it. Naturally, I said I wouldn't. When we got home, she hadn't forgotten (no such luck), but told the mater, who knagged me, not only for refusing to kiss it, but even for not volunteering to sit on the ground and play with it. I am thirteen, you know. I've written to you in the hopes that it will catch the eye of some influential person, who will take the strong measures required for abolishing this kind of annoyance. (Excuse my interrupting, but I must draw your attention to this last sentence, I think I put it rather neatly.) I asked the mater if I could rely on its not happening again, but she got quite angry. I only hope she doesn't see this letter; I shall have to hide away your paper this week. Yours in haste,

THOMAS ALLISON, Junr.

TUT, TUTT!

"I'd be a Butterfly."—OLD SONG.

[According to Mr. J. W. TUTT, of the South London Entomological and Natural History Society, 'the male butterfly is a glutton and an immoderate drinker.' —*Daily Telegraph*.]

NE'er again will ladies sigh
To become a butterfly,
Now we prove the ancient song
Scientifically wrong.
Ne'er again will poets dare
To insect to compare
Ladies whom the wish to praise
In an apt poetic phrase.

Mr. TUTT, who tells no lies,
Tells us that the butterflies
Are, alas! what do you think?
Let me whisper, fond of drink!
He has watched them on the flow'rs,
Where they'll sit and suck for hours,
Quite devoid of any motion,
Save absorption of "the lotion."

Thus they spend the Summer's day
While the females work away,
For this craving to regale
Is restricted to the male.
Lost illusion of our youth
In a scientific truth,
Tear-drops gather in our eyes
When we think of butterflies.

ASCOT AMUSEMENTS.

(From a Lady's Point of View.)

PLEASANT sojourn in the country when town is becoming monotonous.
House-party with customary diversions.
View of the Royal Procession with "smart" surroundings.
Opportunity for sartorial display to the best advantage.

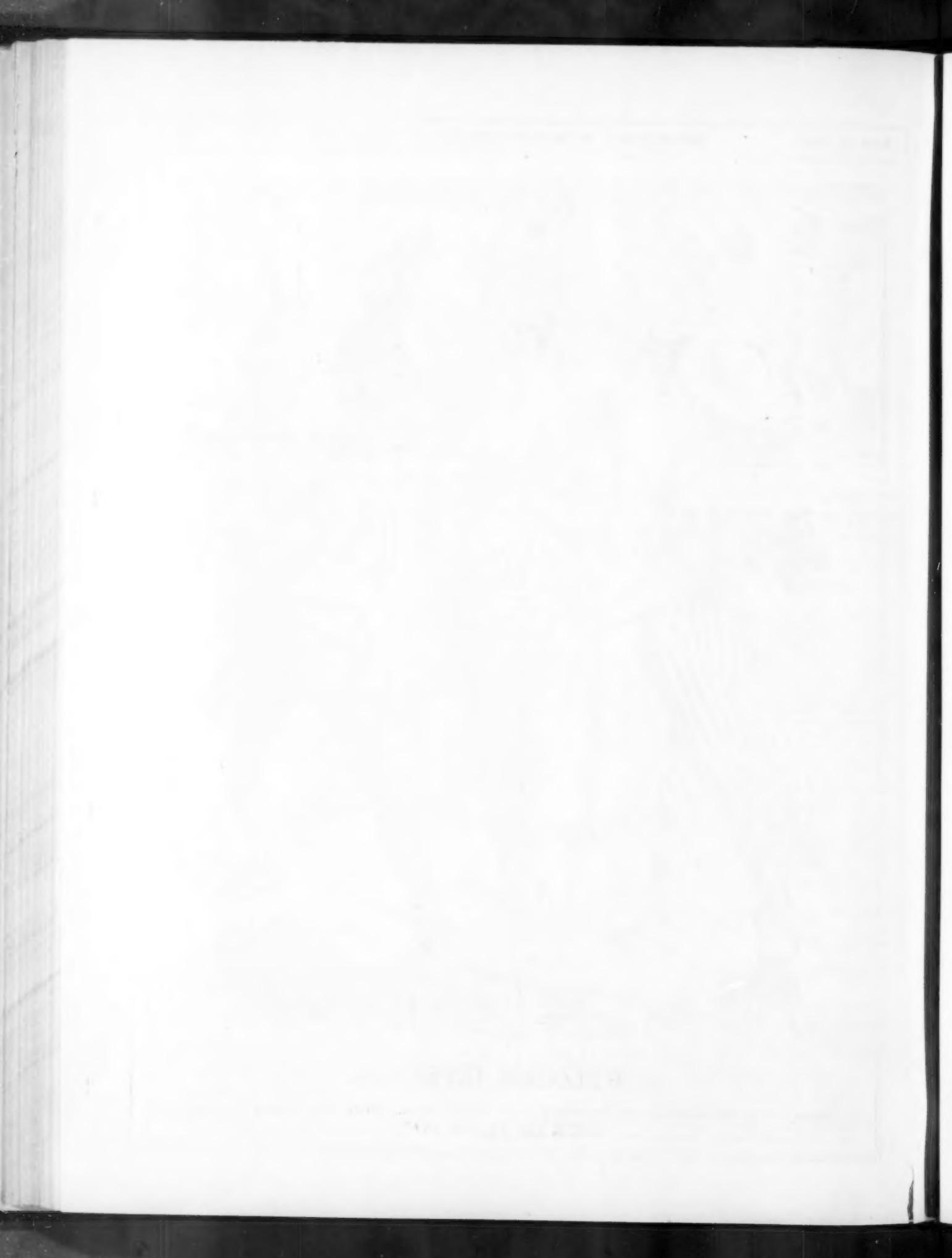
Luncheon al fresco.
Small talk in air free from the smoke microbes of the Row.
Return journey tinged with the gentle influence of excellent champagne.
Dinners served with the chat of the London season.
Dances informal, and epilogues and prologues of sporting days past and to come.

(From a Man's Point of View.)
Making things safe with the favourite.
Getting things shipshape for the settlement at TATTERSALL'S.



A WELCOME INTRUDER.

PEACE. "YOU'VE BEEN AT IT FOR SOME TIME, GENTLEMEN. DONT YOU THINK YOU HAD BETTER LET ME STEP IN?"



["Golf is now being played on the Norman Coast."—*Ludgate*.]**DARBY JONES' DISCOURSES ON ASCOT.**

HONoured SIR.—Once more the Thau-matope of Time brings us afresh to the dainty delights of Aristocratic Ascot; once more every Noble Lady in the land is endeavouring to discover with what frills and furbelows other Noble Ladies are going to delight the Eye of Man and cause Bitter Envy to surge in feminine hearts; once more their Husbands, Brothers, Cousins, Sons, Nephews, Fathers, Uncles, and Adorers in general, are wondering what the week's dissipation is likely to cost them, when dresses, drags, hired houses, champagne lunches, and speculation on Horseflesh have to be settled for, while Poverty-stricken Plungers, who shudder at the mere name of Epsom doings, are searching for Good Things with all the assiduity of diggers and delvers in far Klondyke.

For my own part, honoured Sir, not being one of the Favourites of Fortune, being without Landed Estates, Money in the Funds, or Negotiable Jewellery, —well,—suffice it to say that I never miss the Royal Meeting, and I think I may observe, without the Blush of Egotism mantling my cheek, that my Get-up on such occasions is one that does not disgrace you, honoured Sir, or any other of my esteemed Patrician Patrons. As Count GROGANOFF observed the year before last (I got him to write down the phrase), "SHOMES a toujours l'air d'un Chevalier d'Industrie déguisé en Prince," which, I am told, means in British vernacular, "JONES always looks like a Nobleman in Disguise."

We have taken a Cosy Crib not a hundred miles from the Course, where, I need not say, we shall be Proud to entertain our Friends to the best of our humble Resources, and also ask them to join us in some harmless Post-prandial Games. I only hope that we shall not fall victims to such a Scurvy Trick as was played us in a year which shall be dateless. Captain KRITERION had, with his usual forethought, hired a snug and respectable villa belonging to the Widow of a Venerable Archdeacon, and had also taken care that many cases of the Best, together with much Succulent Provender, should be sent

thither from certain London Purveyors in whom he had every confidence, and they in him. But when we sat down to our evening repast at nine o'clock, lo, and behold! there was no bread. The Beast of a Village Baker had actually refused to supply us with the Staff of Life.

It appeared that, on a previous occasion, KRITERION, after giving this Flower Spoiler profuse patronage, had somehow or another omitted to settle his paltry account, and this was the Inhuman Caitiff's pitiful revenge!

There were we, seated at a table overladen with Luxuries, and not a crumb or crust of common Household Sustenance, no shops open in the neighbourhood, and no inn nearer than five miles off. A supply of biscuits had, alas! miscarried, and we had to consume seed cake with our priceless Gorgonzola, Camembert and Brie.

I quiver with Indignation and Indigestion as I recall this disgraceful episode. Away with such a sickening recollection! Let me seek relief in the Muse. Let her

inspire my feeble Pen and provide us with that Wherewithal without which the humble Quarten Loafer is as wretched as a detected Solicitor struck off the Rolls. So let the Goosequill be dipped into a Royal Hunt Cup filled with aureous fluid, and mingle minstrelsy with prophecy, as follows:—

*Let her go has not pluck, I much fear;
The Masculine Hair I prefer,
The Ashhead won't victory near,
But beware of the Fog that's on her!
The Journal Ear m'y go the pace,
And the Baker Prince lead in the straight;
But the Envoy of Monarchs will race
When the Knight from the North feels the weight.
The Saint who is under a Cloud
To the Troubadour may not give way,
But the Dropped Plumme won't wait for the crowd,
While the Ever Remembered holds sway,
While the Ditchweight is looking so proud
As a winner should look on this day!*

Thus does the Bard-Prophet chortle, knowing full well that there's many a slip 'twixt the start and the dip into the lucky bag. Wide may it be opened, honoured Sir, to you, Sir FRAISER FUNNETT, and other Noble Sportsmen, always revered by Your devoted Vates-Extraordinary,

DARBY JONES.

P.S. or Prize Selection for Thursday—

*Though the Face-Cover speed like a stag,
For the Gold Cup the Bay will not lag,
But I'll stick to the Chester Cup Flag.*

Short, but sweet. D. J.

CHORUS OF FASHIONABLE LADIES.

Air—"Ah! que j'aime les militaires."

*How we dole on the millinery!
Dole on the millinery!
Dole on the millinery!*

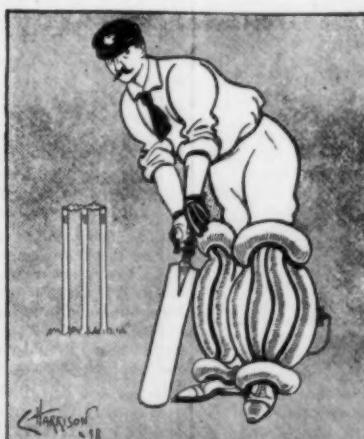
*Fashions change, and 'tis a crime
To be at all behind the time,—*

Ah!

*Don't we dole on the millinery?
Bother money; let 'em wait.
We must be up to date!*

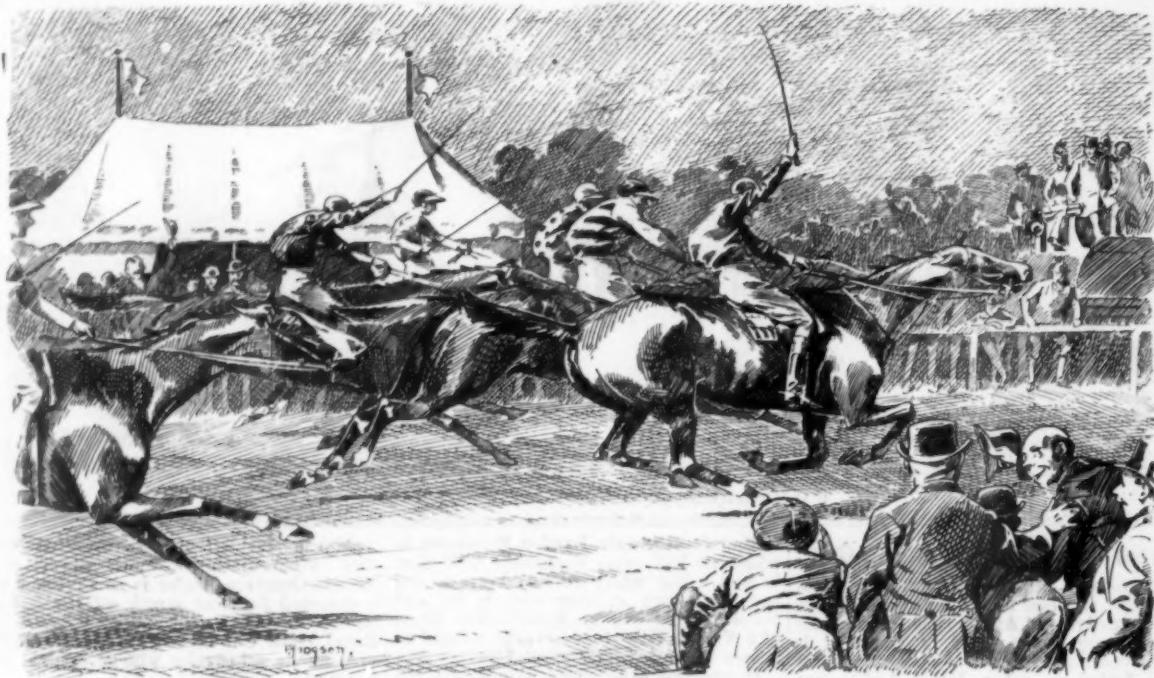
"How's this for High?"

"THE SEASON'S CHEESE.—After a long period of quiescence, cheese is once more moving."—*Grocers' Journal*.



SUGGESTION FOR THE CRICKET SEASON.

The New Pneumatic Leg Guard.
(Mr. Punch's Patent.)



A SAFE WIN (?)

Pat (in corner, to chaffing friend, who knows him to have backed beaten horse). "GOIN' TO LOSE, AM OI! FAITH, AN' OI'M NOT! SHURE, OI'VE GOT A TROIFLE ON EVERY BLISSED HORSE IN THE RACE!"

FLITTINGS.

East London, Cape Colony, May 1, 1898.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Here we are, in a place whose name reminds one of home, and whose leading thoroughfare is called Oxford Street, though I can't trace any other points of resemblance. Both this harbour and Durban are provided with very fine bars, the result being that big liners have to lie outside. We were therefore shipped yesterday from the latter port on board the "*Dunvegan Castle*" by means of a basket over the side of a tug, and felt like a lot of cattle as we were swung in mid-air.

A few days ago we rode and drove out to a *kraal* in Natal, to pay our respects to a chief, whose name sounded somewhat like "*COCKIELEEKIE*." When we got there, we found that our *induna* was out on a wife-hunting expedition, in search of his thirty-first spouse. However, the existing thirty *Meadames COCKIELEEKIE* and their progeny were all there, and we left a card on the senior chieftainess, who was squatting on all fours inside a hut. She treated it with contempt, not unmixed with aversion. It was doubtless a fearful breach of etiquette.

We were soon surrounded by a swarm of importunate children and grass-widows, with bead ornaments and Kafir drinking-bowls, etc., to sell. As we could get them much cheaper in London, we declined their offers, but invited a few of the least unprepossessing ladies, with brick-red and bottle-shaped coiffures, and babies on their backs, to pose for a family group. They named their terms with the air of professional beauties, and, after much haggling, a bargain was struck. When the photo was taken, some twenty others sprang like magic from the ground and declared they had been included in the group, and demanded their fees as well. I wonder they did not raise the question of copyright. Anyhow, the leader of our party, who could vituperate in Zulu with the best of them, found his work cut out in pacifying our hostesses. He was saved from being torn to pieces by the arrival of the *induna* himself attended by his umbrella-bearer. He soon sent his thirty better, or noisier halves about their business. We said "we saw him," which was no poker parlance, but the Zulu greeting, and hoped "our" *kraal* would "dwell happily," and took our leave. Six hours later we got rid of the last of the Natal grass-ticks which infested his neighbourhood.

The most striking product of Durban is the crowd of ricksha-

boys. They lie in wait for you outside your hotel at all hours of the day or night, with their appealing query of "Yes, baas?" or self-approving exclamation, "Good boy!" They are now only an amusing memory, while I sign myself,

Yours, with Zulu clicks, ZEDWHYEKS.

THE SITUATION.

[*"There is no news at present from the seat of war, but great events may shortly be expected." — *Ansler Weekly*.*]

KINGSKETTLE IS EXPECIN', for the *Weekly*'s gien the word—

The toun is a'buzz wi' expectation,

An' crowds o' four an' five an' sax—Kingskettle is that stirred—Foregaither tae discuss the seetuation.

Eh, Sirs! A stirrin' time, an' main especially for me,
For when they're done wi' arguin', the loons'll
Come rinnin' roun' tae learn the views o' SAUNDY BROUN, P.C.—

The Pairish, no, ye ken, the Privy Council.

Aweel, tak' Spain. I dinna ken stateistics o' the fleet,
But this'll be the way tae mak' a test o't—

Suppose the Yankees dinna prove owre tough for them tae beat,
In that case, Spain'll likely haes the best o't.

But then again, convarsely, shoud the Spanish fleet engage,
An' get sae muckle she can bide nae more o't,
Why then, ye ken, however hot the bludy ficht may rage,
I doot the Yankees winna haes the waur o't.

Na, na, I'm no for sayin', Sir—Ca' canny! Bide a wee!
For mind ye, there is ae conseederation,

A factor o' the vara first importance, as ye'll see,
Tae aye that's thinkin' out the seetuation.

Suppose—an' it is far frae the impossible, ye ken—
Suppose the twa should never come thegither,

Suppose a mutual respec' inspires them baith—why, then,
I doot the t'ae will never beat the t'ither.

I'm no for sayin' definite there winna be a ficht,
But only that, in certain circumstances,

Wi' certain reservations, gin they never come in sicht,
A battle seems tae me against the chances.

That's ma openion! Weel, mebbe, it is a wee thing strang,
But though I like tae put it gey an' meekly,
Ye winna vara often find that SAUNDY BROUN is wrang,
Particularly when he's read his *Weekly*.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, June 6.—If one has to hint at a fault in the manner of the Member for Oxford University, it is a tendency to frivolity. Constitutionally prone to see the bright, not to say the comic, side of things, his light-heartedness sometimes jars on the sensitive mind. This made the more striking the evidence of emotion betrayed when the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE to-night came forward as Champion of the Clergy. Their case had been laid before adamantine CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER by Colonel MILWARD. That gallant Member, amazed at the moderation of his own fluency, urged that parsons whose income is wholly or in part derived from tithes, should have a little special provision made for them out of public purse. As SQUIRE OF MALWOOD (uncommonly active after recess) pointed out, present Government passed Act largely endowing landlords out of the rates. Why should clergy, also drawing their income from land, be omitted from beneficent arrangement?

ST. MICHAEL said that, out of respect to the memory of the late Queen ELIZABETH, it couldn't be done. Since the time of that lamented monarch, clergy had been taxed on present system. Would never do to alter it. Above all things, no scandal about Queen ELIZABETH.

Convinced by this argument, J. G. TALBOT rose, and with tears in his voice advised MILWARD to withdraw his amendment moved on second reading of Budget Bill. The Colonel, having thoroughly enjoyed himself with his speech, and feeling that he had done all that was possible for downtrodden clergy, assented. Friends of the clergy on Ministerial side gave sigh of relief. Everything going off admirably. Had made their plaint; had pleased their parish parson; but 'twould never do to vote against the Government, above all in a division where their names would figure in the list as backing up fresh demand on public purse in favour of what ruthless persons opposite called the richest church in the world.

It was here SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE (lately removed to Old Palace Yard) interposed. Not usually regarded as a buttress of the Church. Is content with living as near Westminster Abbey as building arrangements permit. But this writing up of

"Help the Poor Clergy" and then running away touched his chivalrous soul. If hon. and almost reverend gentlemen opposite would not divide the House on the question, he would. So, pressing MADDISON into service as co-teller, the two ultra-Radicals led out the flower of British Toryism to strike a blow for the oppressed parson.

In point of size it wasn't much of a flower, and it seemed to form itself a little reluctantly. But the thing was done, and tears of genuine emotion rolled down cheeks of J. G. TALBOT as he went out with the dauntless twenty-seven.

"None of us are hopelessly bad," he said. "Nothing is irretrievable. I begin to think I shall live to see LANSBY endowing 5, Old Palace Yard, as a Home for Incurable Curates, himself, in decent garb, presiding at their matins and evensong."

Business done.—Proposal to extend to clergy Relief of Landlords Act defeated by 215 votes against 27.

Tuesday.—SARK just now lost in contemplation of the problem why, in Parliamentary debate, a certain type of statesman and orator should attach himself to India and its far-reaching affairs. Here is a country whose extent, whose population, whose material wealth, whose ancient history, whose barbaric splendour inflame the imagination, touch the profoundest depths of human intellect. It is a theme that has fitly engaged the oratory of FOX, BURKE and SHERIDAN, the pen of MAULAY, the sword of CLIVE and WARREN HASTINGS. Yet, as sure as ever India comes on for discussion in the House of Commons, SAM SMITH and Sir WILLIAM WEDDERBURN take the floor.

"Twas ever thus, before and since the time of the late Sir GEORGE BALFOUR. Wherefore? That is just what the Member for Sark wants to know. Secret up to the present is past finding out. PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSE, listening to GEORGE HAMILTON's statement on Indian finance, found the problem so entrancing that they severally went to sleep over it. A pretty picture thus composed: Secretary of State at the table talking in monotonous voice about famine, plague, war, earthquake, and expenditure of millions of rupees. To his left, on the bench behind, the Leader of the House sweetly slumbering; on his right the Colonial Secretary dreaming that JESSIE COLLINGS was born with a long spoon in his mouth, which accounts for his being comfortably ensconced at the

THE RETURN OF THE "LITTLE MINISTER."

Will the Elders reinstate him?

Home Office. A little lower down, the President of the Board of Agriculture, also asleep, presenting to the few strangers in the gallery an object-lesson in the pallid countenance, the haggard look, the wasted frame that typify British Agriculture.

But then India is a long way off, and SAM SMITH, with WEDDERBURN to follow, were soon to descend on the topic.

Business done.—Committee authorise new loan of ten millions for India.

Thursday.—As schoolboys back after holiday talk of how they spent the happy time, so to-day House is full of reminiscence of Whitsuntide. For sheer enjoyment, Belfast takes the cake. JOHN DILLON, who happened to be there, entranced House with graphic description of a day's doings. The Catholic boys, some 20,000 strong, marched out with drums

beating, flags flying. The Orangemen lay in wait for them, with a miscellaneous



"A tendency to Frivolity."
(Mr. J. G. T. Ib-t.)

collection of theological arguments, varying from brickbats to crowbars. At one particular street-turning there was a mo-

ment of breathless excitement, which the House shared, listening to the eye-witness' simple story. Some two or three hundred Orangemen approached from a cross-road upon the thoroughfare along which the Catholic boys proudly pressed. Had they been fewer in number, less resolute in appearance, the Orangemen, anxious above all things for the salvation of their souls, would have dashed in and battered their bodies. But, as JOHN DILLON glowingly said, "we had ten thousand as fine fighting men as I ever clapped eyes upon."

Experienced glance of Orangemen told them it was no use attacking such an army. They withdrew, and the Catholics tramped on undisturbed. Had the forces been more equally matched, there would, DILLON said, have been "the bloodiest battle the streets of Belfast ever saw." Which is putting it strongly.

However, there are compensations. If the Catholics were too strong for the genial Orangemen, the police force were not. So they "went for" the police, and before midnight a hundred and three of them were carried bleeding to the hospital. When Belfast resolves to make holiday, what a day it does have, to be sure!

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

Friday.—A touching monument to our dear FRANK LOCKWOOD is found in the first list of subscribers to the Memorial Fund. Headed by H.R.H. and his son next in succession to the throne, it includes peers,

judges, M.P.'s, members of the bar, and some private friends. £1,200 these have promptly planked down. That is good; even more golden than the guineas is the testimony of lingering affection and esteem for one of the kindest-hearted, sweetest-tempered, merriest-mannered men that ever convinced a jury or charmed the House of Commons.

But £1,200 is not enough to carry out the purposes of the Committee. Just half as much more is needed. Less than fifty Members of the House of Commons have as yet come forward with their guineas. The address of the old friend and companion dear who has the matter in hand, and wants another £600, is C. W. MATHEWS, 1, Essex Court, Temple.

Business done.—Don José rises to explain his Long-spoon speech.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

WANTED, Porter for well-known Metropolitan workhouse. Must be good all-round man, able to keep door, accounts, temper; nurse in hospital and prescribe for paupers. Preference given to London M.D.—Apply, stating degrees, accomplishments, experience and all qualifications, to "Guardian," Gray's Inn Road.

TO V.C.'S and Others. Wanted, Dargai Hero to play the pipes in country house and look generally interesting. Duties light, salary ditto.—Apply, War Office.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In *The Admiral* (HUTCHINSON), Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN has woven a wreath to the memory of NELSON in anticipation of the hundredth anniversary of the battle of the Nile, fought on the 1st of August, 1798. He calls it A Romance, and lives up to the idea by introducing, by way of undercurrent, the story of the love of a British midshipman for a Sicilian Princess. The book is really a careful study of the personality, private life, and glorious career, of NELSON. It is a perilous undertaking, and my Baronite congratulates Mr. SLADEN on his success. It has evidently been a labour of love. He has not only steeped himself in all known records of the great Admiral, especially his letters and despatches, but has visited the scene of his amours with Lady HAMILTON, and describes them with graphic force. Next to NELSON, ROMNEY's model stands out on the page with most distinctness. The manly Queen of Naples, and her futile husband, with occasional glimpses of the complaisant Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, give varied life to the picture. Nothing yet done in literature presents a more vivid picture of NELSON. In some of the aspects it is startling regarded through the glasses in use at the end of the Nineteenth Century. But it is necessarily accurate, since Mr. SLADEN's so-called Romance is largely made up, whether in dialogue or description, of the actual words of NELSON and his contemporaries.

Burdett's *Official Intelligence* (SPOTTISWOODE & Co.), has reached its seventeenth year—a sweet young thing of 2,528 pages, weighing a trifle under a stone. It is almost a providential thing that Sir HENRY BURDETTE, its Editor and creator, having retired from his secretarial office on the Stock Exchange, should have decided to withdraw from further care of this monumental work. It has been growing year by year till it has reached cubical proportions quite as extensive as an able-bodied man can grapple with. The mass of information given is at first sight bewildering in its range and complexity. But so admirable is the workmanship, so masterly the arrangement, that any one seeking information upon a particular point has no difficulty in finding it. Indispensable to all having dealings with the Stock Exchange, it recommends itself to my Baronite on the ground that, in case of emergency, it will serve admirably as a centre table for an office or a stool for any desk of ordinary height.

THE B. DE B.-W.

Toujours la Fumee.

Irate Clubbite. Hang these Yankees! I gave up Havana cigars when they blockaded Cuba, and directly I took to Manilas they did ditto to the Philippines!

[A movement is on foot to have Lieutenant HOBSON, of *Merrimac* fame, made captain of the new battleship, *Alabama*.—*Daily Press*.]

It is proposed to make Lieutenant HOBSON a Bishop. This would give him exclusive command of the See.

Although it has been suggested by everyone who had anything to say on the subject, that the naval hero should be offered anything he liked to take, including special cigars, the brand to be named "HOBSON's choice," yet it has not been announced as certain that Lieutenant HOBSON, having "won his spurs," should be permitted to wear them whilst "riding at anchor."

At Yildiz Kiosk.

The Shadow (throwing down the newspapers in disgust). Bis-mallah! What fools these Spaniards are! I could have taught them a thing or two. They might have learnt lessons from Crete and Armenia, instead of being so pig-headed about Cuba and the Philippines. In Constantinople, at all events, the Powers know that the Commander of the Faithful must always be the boss for us!

[Calls for his chibouque.]



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